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CONTENTS.

MR. THEODORE SEDGWICK'S ADDRESS ON "YOUTH" BEFORE THE PHILOLEXIAN SOCIETY.
 NIEBUHR'S LIFE AND LETTERS.—Early Development—Conscientious Study—Study and Active Life—Roman Studies—Adam Molke.
 MR. GOULD'S REPLY TO FROM ITALY.
 LITTLE PEDDLINGTON AND THE PEDDLINGTONIANS.
 Lee's Synopsis of the Family of Naiades—Hydropathic Encyclopedia—Serials, &c.
 MARKS AND REMARKS.—The Crystal Palace for New York—M. Rigopoulos—Some English Thoughts on American Literature—Letter from Carlyle to Dr. Chalmers—Dickens's Americanisms.
 A SKETCH OF THE LONDON TIMES—ITS HISTORY AND CONTRIBUTORS.
 VARIETIES.—A London Reporter—Nauvoo—Monument to Col. Johnson—Spiritual Plagiarism—The Tomb of Jefferson.
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MR. THEODORE SEDGWICK'S ADDRESS ON
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THE semi-centennial anniversary of the Philolexian Society, which has contributed its full quota to the active worth and intelligence of two generations, was celebrated the 17th of last month at Metropolitan Hall, bringing together a full attendance of the friends of the ancient Institution of Columbia College, to which the association is attached. The exercises were a series of appropriate addresses, on the usual Commencement-day platform, backed by a full bench of the President and Faculty, flanked by an adequate array of professional and other celebrities, and faced by a brilliant fluttering of fans and the fair sex—the time-honored accompaniments of such an occasion. The President of the Society, Mr. Armitage, delivered the opening address, followed by Mr. G. C. Pennell, and other members. There was a representation on the bill, of the large Publishing-house of the Messrs. Harper, in two orations, by Mr. Joseph W. Harper, Jr., and Mr. John W. Harper. The Anniversary Oration was delivered by our distinguished fellow-citizen and jurist, Theodore Sedgwick, who at a late moment, in the absence of the Hon. Hamilton Fish, from whom this office was expected, almost extemporized the following address of flowing and graceful eloquence, and filled from the choice stores of classic and historical illustration:—

YOUTH.

BY THEODORE SEDGWICK.

It was only during the past week that I was informed that our friend and brother, Mr. Fish, who had been selected to meet you to-night, would be prevented by his public duties from so doing, and that I was desired to take his place. After the manner of the East I placed my hands on my head and bowed obedience.

I can give no better proof of my desire to meet old friends, to renew old associations, and at the same time bring myself together with those who are now just setting out in life from the same starting point whence we took our departure. Nothing else certainly would have induced me on the very short notice which I have had, to accept the perilous honor of the position which I occupy this evening—honorable in its selection—perilous in the difficulty of choosing any topic of sufficient interest and freshness to secure your attention and repay you for the trouble of listening to me.

On the semi-centennial Anniversary of our Society, the first half hundred years of whose existence is coeval with the first half of our own nineteenth century, it might seem not inappropriate to cast a rapid glance over the track of time through which our Institution has passed, and to recall to mind the extraordinary events by which our age has been made so conspicuous in the annals of the world.

But I dare not venture on the task. It is at once too vast and too painful. If we look at the other hemisphere the state of things is of the most anxious uncertainty—too many bright hopes have been blasted, too many brilliant anticipations dashed, to make the re-

trospect on the whole other than one of deep disappointment.

Even were I to attempt to recount or commemorate the rising glories of our own happier land, I know not but my voice would in spite of myself assume a mournful tone. No perceptible obstacle yet checks our progress, no visible cloud yet obscures our horizon, our eager gaze detects no coming danger. But he whose glance takes in as well the past as the future, cannot without apprehension and anxiety cast even the horoscope of our destinies. The very vastness of our material triumphs awakens memories well calculated to temper our enthusiastic anticipations. All that we have done has been done before, much of it better done, and all done in vain. The dust of Assyria and the sands of Egypt cover monuments to which our costliest structures are frail and perishable erections, and from the rubbish of fifteen centuries accumulated in Rome works of art are exhumed which, discolored, mutilated, defaced, still baffle the utmost efforts of our self-complacent energy.

I turn, then, from the "unrelenting Past:—"

"Far in her realm withdrawn,
Old Empires sit in sullenness and gloom,
And glorious ages gone,
Lie deep within the shadow of her womb!"

But the memories of departed greatness are not all of so sad a hue. There are those which, instead of depressing human confidence and chilling human hope, awaken man to a fuller consciousness of his capacities and arouse him to a truer sense of his energies.

It is an interesting and a cheerful consideration, that over the intellectual, the mental, the moral world Time holds no sway. The frailest construction of the mind outlives the most massive monument of material power. The Temple of the Capitoline Jove lies in ruins; not even the foundations of the Palace of the Cæsars can be accurately traced,—but Cicero and Tacitus and Horace and Sallust enjoy a reputation vastly wider and reach a public immeasurably more extended than in the very zenith of their lifetimes. The workmen in the Roman forum are still painfully exploring the traces of the pavement of the *Basilica Julia*, beneath the lofty roof of which the magistrates of Rome declared her law,—but the refined reasoning and enlightened equity of that body of jurisprudence commands now a wider empire than when it was first proclaimed by a despotic sovereign to what was then the world. The mouldering column, the broken arch, the foundation hidden by the accumulated wrecks of ages, awake none but painful or at the best but sombre emotions. The memories associated with departed genius, energy, and virtue, on the contrary, tend but to soothe, to arouse, to stimulate the mind.

And these memories can be adequately awakened in but two ways, either by corporeal representation of the immortal dead, or by a faithful and vivid representation of their labors, their achievements, and their sufferings. There is a room in the capitol at Rome which I think yields to none in its extreme interest. It is that which contains the simple unadorned busts of some of the greatest men of antiquity. Others are scattered through the wonderful halls of the Vatican; and it is impossible to gaze at these images of departed greatness without having a livelier sense of the reality of their genius and their deeds. Two, especially, transport you most

forcibly back to the greatest days of Rome. Among the treasures of a bygone world the eye is riveted upon the head of a boy of twelve or thirteen years of age, beautiful in its roundness, freshness, and intelligence, and yet stern, self-collected, cold, impassioned—all that youth is and all that it ought not to be. I mean the bust of the young Augustus. And that other colossal head so vast in its intellectual developments and on which as you gaze you are told it is the face of the immortal orator, lawyer, and philosopher who received the reward which his cold and cruel age conferred on genius and virtue, and offered his neck at Dyracchium to the assassins of the Triumvirate—the bust of Cicero. There is no head that I know either in antiquity or modern times to be compared with it, except that of one, the massive structure of whose mind is so well represented by his breadth of brow—our own Webster.

Among such speaking, life-breathing images of departed greatness, it is well to walk. It is well to do all in our power to lift ourselves above the comfort-devising materialism of our age, and to escape from the paltry cares of daily life. And when we cannot call to our aid the hand of the sculptor or the painter, we can unroll the mass of History, gaze at her canvas, and contemplate her monuments. They are often as lifelike, very often far more enduring than memorials of apparently less perishable material. Thucydides is not a meaner artist than Apelles, and Tacitus has outlived Phidias.

Let us then in the few moments allowed, reënter the long-drawn aisles of History, and people them with some of the august forms of the departed great. But in our gallery of heroic personages a selection must be had, and I shall make it from among those who have adorned their youth by great deeds, and on the other hand whose great deeds have been adorned and graced by youth. The peculiar attribute of our country is its vigorous infancy, its energetic youth. Let us then from among the great names of our race select some of those who while young have done things which the world does not willingly let die. "There be some," says Bacon, "who have an over-early ripeness in their years, which sadeth betimes—these are such as have brittle wits, the edge whereof is soon turned." To these I do not allude. I do not allude to juvenile prodigies of acquisition, or infant phenomena; I speak of those who have shown from their earliest age that capacity of application—that power of concentration—that singleness of purpose which are the secret of success and the master-key of fortune.

Of all those into whose lives great actions have been most compressed, who have most shown how much can be effected by unflinching energy and persevering purpose—and his name is so familiar that I should not mention it here, but that I may not seem intentionally to overlook it—is Buonaparte. At twenty-five he wore the uniform of general, earned through successive grades of service; between that and the age of thirty he swept the Austrians out of Italy, and laid the foundations of his power. At thirty-five, he was the Emperor of France, the first soldier of the world, and the arbiter of the destinies of Europe.

But while the name of Buonaparte can never be mentioned without producing that thrill of pleasure which the manifestation of the highest intellectual capacities of our na-

ture excites, so it should never be recalled without the expression of the just judgment which History will record against him. The greatest intellect for all purposes of action which the world has seen—great as a soldier—great as a lawgiver—great as an administrator of his vast empire, was informed and purified by no equal moral sense. No moderation restrained his ambition—no regard for the rights of others checked his desire of aggrandizement—no family affliction withheld him from sacrificing the interests of those nearest to him—he perished the outlaw of the world. As Brennus flung his sword into the Roman scales, so the modern Gaul crushed justice, humanity, and all the dearest attributes of civil society under his military system. He perfected and consolidated that formidable centralization which still holds France in bonds and forbids her to be free. Yet such is the force of genius that his name still lives the wonder of mankind, and from his grave he now dictates the destinies of his country.

The name of another youthful soldier occurs to me, and I select him from a glittering crowd—though far distant from Napoleon in point of time. On the skirts of the Roman Forum athwart the *Via Sacra*, that Broadway of the Imperial city, where the antique pavement still shows itself, the very stones, perchance, once trod by Horace—

"Ibam forte via sacra, sicut meus est mos ;"

there stands an ancient monument which has defied the ravages of time, and of barbarians more ruthless than time itself. The slant moonbeam which silvers the wild grass growing on the topmost stone of the Coliseum, falls beneath its archway. On its sides, amid defaced bas-reliefs, the eye detects the image of the mystic candlestick of the Jews. The original, it is said, lies in the bed of the yellow Tiber. Beneath that arch countless processions have passed—it was erected nearly two thousand years ago to commemorate the capture of Jerusalem, by a soldier of thirty years of age, who had already lived a long life of military service. But this exploit is among the least of his achievements. It is the true glory of Titus that his early frailties were controlled and his appetites subdued ; that he exercised supreme power with rectitude, benevolence, and magnanimity, and that he stands out from the base crowd of the Cæsars a model of virtue and self-command. Over his head is a tablet on which is inscribed the title more full of true praise than that borne by any other absolute sovereign in all the annals of the world, "*Titus, the Delight of Mankind.*"

I turn to those who have been renowned in the arts of peace, and I pause before the haughty figure of an English statesman, who at the age of twenty-four bore the burden of Prime Minister of that vast Empire. It was at that age that Pitt became Premier of England. And till his death, at the age of forty-seven, his policy controlled the destinies of his country. I am not here to discuss the wisdom of that policy. Viewed in the light of our later experience, its sagacity with regard to the permanent interests of England may well be questioned. Its aim at home was to consolidate and perpetuate the power of a great landed aristocracy, and for that purpose no sacrifice of life or treasure was considered extravagant ; while its direct result abroad was to cause a series of wars the most dreadful that humanity has ever wit-

nessed. But the genius, the courage, the skill of Pitt cannot well be extravagantly lauded. He was the embodiment of the old English system, of which we now see the dying struggle—a system which has produced great men and which long commanded the affections of the nation whose destinies it ruled. It will be well for mankind when the English people shall insist on a policy more enlarged, more humane, more liberal—when the energy and intelligence of that great nation shall be as steadily directed to advance the cause of peace and freedom as they were during the days of Pitt to promote the interests of the despotic powers.

We pass from the damps and fogs of the once mistress of the seas to return to a more genial clime. We seek again a sun as bright as our own ; a sky as brilliant, but of tenderer hues. We seek that country which in its ruins is still the delight and wonder of the world ; the art of which is as unrivalled as its nature is unapproached ; which of all countries is that which has most a personal and individual character ; which makes itself as it were a friend—which seizes on the affections and takes possession of the memory—and has a reality like a being of our own race.

In the History of Italy—of Italian valor—of Italian art—of Italian genius, perhaps the most attractive figure is that of *Raphael*. His intelligent and beautiful face still speaks to us from the canvas, and if we had no such record of his features, perhaps the grace and beauty and soul which breathe from all his works would have suggested some such countenance to the mind. Raphael was a painter at seventeen—at twenty-seven he was called to Rome (such was then his reputation) to compete with Michael Angelo in the execution of the works designed to adorn the capitol ; and at thirty-seven he was snatched from an admiring world, leaving, however, behind him works which will render his name immortal long after time and ignorance and neglect have destroyed the last shred of canvas on which his fingers rested. It is amazing as we pass through the halls where he has left the enduring impress of his genius, to consider how the young years of the great artist must have been devoted to labor. Some of his productions have been defaced by damp and mould—some destroyed by the ignorance of those who have attempted to restore them. But a long life would seem inadequate even for those which still remain. In looking at his mild and placid face, it is difficult to believe that he united, with his rare perception of the beautiful, such patience, industry, and laborious perseverance. At the age of thirty-seven, as I have said, he fell a victim to his devotion to his art. His latest work, "*the Transfiguration*," was suspended by the side of his dying bed. His last glance was fixed on that personification of our Saviour which he had just completed. He sleeps in the Pantheon, the only one still entire of all the ancient temples of Rome—fitting shrine for his spirit.

I have spoken of deeds of war, of the acts of peace, of the arts that beautify and adorn life. I turn now to higher and hollier themes. Luther is an eminent instance of greatness in youth. At the age of twenty-five he was appointed Professor at Wittenburg ; at that of thirty-four, in his attack on the system of indulgences, he laid the foundation of religious freedom. I have not, of course, the least in-

tention of even alluding to subjects of ecclesiastical dogma or discipline. I am speaking now merely of the right of private judgment in religious affairs, uncontrolled by any human power, clerical or secular. This constitutes in my eyes the real greatness of the struggle into which Luther threw himself. This is its great result. That contest is the strongest illustration of the terrible truth of our Saviour's words, that he came "not to bring peace but a sword." The first Martyrs in the conflict fell in the time of Luther himself. A long array of others followed. The fires of Smithfield were lighted, the Low Countries devastated by the remorseless fanaticism of Spain, and France consumed by her religious wars. In the next century, for thirty years Germany was given up to sack and slaughter, and France again convulsed by the folly and superstition of Louis XIV. But the end appears to have been in great part gained. The doctrines of religious toleration have grown out of a struggle, the fruits of which, frightful as it was, are worth all that they have cost. The principle of religious liberty has been in the greater part of the civilized world established—a principle denied and derided from the days of Diocletian to those of the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes. Civil society has, in the Old World at least, made but small progress. Despotic and centralized governments still cover or overshadow almost the whole of Christendom, but it cannot be denied that statesmen have learned wisdom, and that sectarians show increased moderation in the humanity with which they now tolerate difference of religious belief. That this acquisition has been made, is due in great part, under God, to the great German who declared that he feared neither despot nor devil.

Another prodigy of youth is *Pascal*. I do not speak of the marvellous mathematical labors of his childhood, of his almost intuitive discovery of one of the most important of Euclid's Problems, at the age of twelve—his calculations on the weight of the air, nor those of the cycloid curve ; but of those long, laborious early years—those years of research, of study, of reflection, which were requisite to produce the *Provincial Letters* at the age of thirty-three. Those letters have remained the most conspicuous work of the age to which they belong, and they are still regarded as one of the master-pieces of that French literature so abundant in genius, in reasoning, and in wit. But these Letters are not only wonderful, as showing to what heights of philosophy a youthful mind may attain ; they are still more precious as proving to what a degree a firm mind, a resolute spirit, and a high purpose can triumph over the infirmities of the body. We have other instances of this. They are among the greatest glories of our too feeble nature.

"Cyriack, this three years' day these eyes,
though clear

To outward view of blemish or of spot,
Bereft of life their seeing have forgot,
Nor to their idle orbs doth sight appear,
Of sun, or moon, or star throughout the
year,
Or man or woman. Yet I argue not
Against Heaven's hand or will, nor bate
a jot
Of heart or hope, but still bear up and
steer
Right onward ! What supports me, dost
thou ask ?

The conscience, Friend, to have lost them
overplied,
In liberty's defence, my noble task,
Of which all Europe rings from side to side.
This thought might lead me thro' the
world's vain mask;
Content, though blind, had I no better
guide."

Such are the unflinching words in which Milton speaks of one of the greatest calamities that can afflict humanity. Nor are other cases wanting. The philosophic *Thierry* is a paralytic, and the works of our own *Prescott* have been the result of a long struggle with bodily infirmity. But *Pascal's* was a still stronger instance—he was a miserable valetudinarian, a feeble hypochondriac, whose whole existence seemed one of the intellect alone.

The Catholic Church, of which *Pascal* is so great an ornament, might afford us many other striking illustrations of the capacity of youth for sacrifices and exertions; but I pause before two of the most venerable forms of that priesthood, so renowned for talent, energy, and devotion to their faith. *Fenelon*, than whom the history of the world gives us the record of no purer or better man; and *Bossuet*, of far less simplicity of character, but of fervid zeal, of generous and lofty ambition, of great capacity, and as a writer, one of the ablest controversialists in all polemical literature; both preached in public at the age of fifteen.

Other illustrious names crowd upon me in all departments of human genius and human virtue. *More*, the great chancellor, was a member of Parliament at twenty-one. *Mozart* composed at six, and *Pope* "lisp'd in numbers, for the numbers came." But I cannot proceed further in what my time would only permit me to make a mere enumeration of names, and most of them familiar to us as household words. But one I must not omit.

Our Revolution broke out more than three quarters of a century since. There was then in the college of which we are alumni, a West Indian boy, who seemed to have brought from his tropical clime the fervid temperament of a southern sun. But it soon appeared that to ardent enthusiasm he joined the clear sagacity and steady energy of his Scotch ancestry. This boy, then an undergraduate, threw himself heart and soul into the contest, and in a pamphlet published in 1775, used this language: "Tell me not of British commons, lords, ministry, ministerial tools, placemen, pensioners, parasites; I scorn to let my life and property depend upon the pleasure of any of them! Give me the steady, uniform security of constitutional freedom. Give me the right of trial by a jury of my own neighbors, and to be taxed by my own representatives only. What will become of the law and courts of justice without this? The shadow may remain, but the substance will be gone. I would die to preserve the law upon a solid foundation, but take away liberty and the foundation is destroyed." These are the stirring tones of a lad of eighteen years of age. Two years later, the boy held a commission in the army, and was attached to Washington's staff. The promise of great deeds was not belied. His was not a hot-bed growth. He united in all the prominent events of the Revolutionary contest. As a soldier he assisted to win our Independence—as a statesman to consolidate our liberties, by erecting the great frame-

work of the constitution—as an administrative officer, by organizing the Government of the Union in its practical details. His name still lives among us. It is a hereditary privilege, which not even our jealous equality forbids, to bear the appellation of an illustrious ancestor; not even the rigor of our statutes against primogeniture and entail, has prohibited his descendant, from wearing and transmitting with just pride the name of *Hamilton*.

I have thus attempted to commemorate the great deeds of a few, and but a few, of those who have consecrated their earliest years to labor; who, disregarding the blandishments of pleasure, have given their youth to that painful toil and persevering effort by which alone great things are accomplished. I am far from insensible that, on a fitting occasion, a list equally illustrious might easily be presented of those who have spent long lives of energetic activity, gradually culminating to their fullest strength and grandest proportions, who have wrestled with time and years, and whose latest days have been full of usefulness and honor. One of these now presents to me his venerable form—one connected with our own Institution, and who belonged to the profession of which I hold it an honor to be a member—who, after long wearing the judicial ermine without spot or blemish, gave his declining life to the embodiment of American law, and whose latest years were marked by the most active and efficient industry. The memory of my hearers will suggest to each one of them the name of *Kent*.

But my space grows short, and I revert to my original theme. It is not without design that I have selected for my topic to-night the greatness of youth. It is in youth that our vigor is least impaired: "*Orator metua*," says *Cicero*, "*ne languescat senectute. Est enim munus ejus non ingenii solum sed laterum et virium*;" which may be freely rendered—I fear the orator languishes in old age, for his duties draw heavily not only on the mind, but on the strength and the *wind*. And this is equally true of all phases of active existence. But this is the least advantage of youth. It is then that the affections are the purest and enthusiasm the most ardent. In the language of *Bacon*, "imagination stream into their minds better and more divinely," and the pale phantoms of fear and distrust as yet stand aloof. The innocence, the very ignorance of youth gives them their power. It is by a youthful angel that *Milton's Satan* is overawed:—

"So spake the Cherub; and his grave rebuke,
Severe in youthful beauty, added grace
Invincible: abashed the devil stood."

It is most desirable to impress on youth what they can do, and this in the most effective way, by showing them what has been done. It is thus that they may be weaned from pleasure, thus that they may be charmed from dissipation; for, to the ardent and ambitious mind, the first exercise of its powers brings with it a keenness of enjoyment that no gratification of appetite, no pleasure of sense can rival. It is thus that the freshness and first vigor of their lives will be given to usefulness; it is thus, above all, that they will transmit to old age, not an effete body, faded affections, and worn-out sympathies, but a frame still vigorous, a mind unimpaired, and a heart yet warm.

Nor are the young alone to profit by frequent teaching of this kind; for us who have taken, or are soon to take, a long farewell of the golden age of our existence, to bid adieu to the unbroken health, the bright eye, the light step, the flowing locks of youth, it is especially desirable to draw close the cords which bind us to those who are still protected by the Hours, who still rejoice in the early sunshine of life. "*Adolescentibus bona indole præditis sapientes senes delectantur; leviorque fit eorum senectus qui a juventute coluntur et diliguntur*." "Wise old men," does *Cicero* make *Lælius* say, "delight in the society of the youth, and age is rendered more tolerable to those who are beloved and courted by youth." It was a beautiful attribute of the ancient goddess, *Juventas*, that she could renew the existence of those in whom she delighted. And it is most true that nowhere, save in the affections and sympathies of the young, can those of more advanced years find any solace or compensation for what they have lost. Those of us who are more or less advanced in the path of life—who have tried its dangers and endured its conflicts—may boast of experience acquired, of the sagacity and knowledge of affairs which experience alone can give; but who, among the worn and scarred veterans, would not eagerly exchange his accumulated knowledge, his practical wisdom, for the unhesitating energy, the undoubting ardor, the kindling enthusiasm of youth? Compared with these, what is our boasted experience?

Nor is the teaching to be learned from the lives of the great personages whose figures we have contemplated, without its worth in another, and that the most important respect. If the lesson of their lives is rightly read, the great fundamental truths of our religion will be deeply impressed on the young mind. Their triumphs and their defeats, their achievements and their failures, all teach us that youth is in the end powerless, unless it take wisdom for a helpmeet. That strength of years, ardor, energy, equally fail of attaining the great results of life, unless allied to religion and virtue. I know not whether it was by design that the temple of the Capitoline Jove, the head of the Roman mythology, the guardian god of the city, was erected on the very spot where had before stood the shrine of the Deity of Youth, as if that wonderful people intended to plant their religion and their love of country impregably on the foundations of the young mind.

NIEBUHR'S LIFE AND LETTERS.*

It is a rare privilege for the scholar to look into such revelations of the life of a man of genius as we have here displayed before us in the *Memoirs and Correspondence* of the historian *Niebuhr*. How much is revealed beneath the dry pursuits of the student, which it would require a keen, closely applied imagination to suspect lay lurking there. With such a man as *Niebuhr*, the disclosure is peculiarly valuable; for his studies being removed from the ordinary sympathies of men, they are apt to forget how much of the common heart of humanity is beating beneath them. To receive new problems in metaphysics, new applications of profound critical forethought, new readings

* The Life and Letters of Barthold George Niebuhr, with Essays on his Character and Influence. By the Chevalier Bunsen, and Professors Brandis and Lortzel. Harpers.

of history from the unhired professor in his chair—pronounced to a few learned companions—may excite our admiration; but how are even these instructions enhanced, when we are admitted to a sight of the secret springs of this elevated philosophy, and find the familiar machinery of everyday-life controlling these grand ideas.

Niebuhr inherited a critical passion for history and topography from his father, a celebrated traveller in the East, with an heroic spirit of adventure. The home scenes where the parent, retired from the excitement of travel, educates his son in the privacy of a country retreat, are full of interest in this volume. The father was rewarded by an apt pupil, particularly in the department of history. At six years old Barthold learnt the Greek alphabet in a single day. A learned ex-editor of a German literary periodical one day reading in his company the play of Macbeth, the boy, then in his seventh year, wrote out an abstract of it on seven sheets of paper:—

EARLY DEVELOPMENT.

"The child's character early exhibited a rare union of the faculty of poetical insight with that of accurate practical observation. The amusements he contrived for himself afford an illustration of this. During the periods of his confinement to the house, before he was old enough to have any paper given him, he covered with his writings and drawings the margins of the leaves of several copies of Forskaal's works, which were used in the house as waste paper. Then he made copy-books for himself, in which he wrote essays, mostly on political subjects. He had an imaginary empire called Low-England, of which he drew maps, and he promulgated laws, waged wars, and made treaties of peace there. His father was pleased that he should occupy himself with amusements of this kind, and his sister took an active part in them. There still exist among his papers, many of his childish productions; among others, translations and interpretations of passages of the New Testament, poetical paraphrases from the classics, sketches of little poems, a translation of Ponce's Travels in Ethiopia, an historical and geographical description of Africa, written in 1787 (the two last were undertaken as presents to his father on his birthday), and many other things mostly written during these years. His father probably in one way indirectly assisted these imaginative tendencies by his habit of relating his travels to him.

"I well remember," says Niebuhr, in the Life of his father, "how he used to tell me stories in my childhood about the East, and the structure of the universe; particularly in the evening, just before bed-time he would take me on his knee, and feed my imagination with these instead of fairy tales. The history of Mohammed, of the early Caliphs—especially of Omar and Ali, for whom he had the deepest reverence—of the conquests and spread of Islamism, and the virtues of the heroes of the new faith, with the history of the Turks, were early imprinted on my memory in the most lively colors; nay, works on these subjects were among the first books put into my hands.

"I remember too, how, one Christmas Eve, when I must have been in my tenth year, he heightened the delights of the festival, by taking out of the almost magnificent chest which held his manuscripts, and was revered by the children and all the household, like the ark of the covenant, the volumes which contained the information he had collected in Africa, and reading them with me. He had taught me to draw maps, and now, encouraged

and assisted by him, I soon produced maps of Hattieseech and Sudan. . . .

"He entered with the utmost indulgence and sympathy into my half old-fashioned, half childish ideas; helped me in the details of my castles in the air; conversed with me on all the topics of the day, and strove to give me clear conceptions of whatever subjects we talked upon—among other things, of fortifications, by encouraging me to measure out and excavate polygons under his eye, and with books and plans at hand."

"From a letter of his father's, it appears that Niebuhr was able to read any English books without help when only in his eighth year. Somewhat later, Madame Boje, who was an admirable French scholar, kindly undertook to teach him that language, which he had begun with his father. The death of this lady, in 1786, was the child's first experience of heart-sorrow. After the funeral his mother found him in the garden, rolling on the grass almost wild with grief, and it was a long time before he recovered his spirits. This had the effect of turning his attention still more exclusively to the serious occupations to which he had been previously inclined, and in consequence his progress was more rapid than ever."

The Greek and Roman poets seem always to have been holiday books to Niebuhr; he took them up, the grave and severe studies of other men, in moments of relaxation.

It is well known that the greater part of Niebuhr's life was passed in the routine of government and diplomatic appointments, which some have regretted; but the effect must, upon the whole, have been favorable to his development. The active and contemplative life act healthily upon each other, and Niebuhr was in some danger of being swallowed up by the latter. A dull pedant he never could have made, but he might easily have wrecked his physical constitution (and with that, how much of his mental life?) upon the omnivorous plans of study, faithfully pursued in detail, too, which he had mapped out for himself, and which, for that matter, he was always contriving. In his twenty-first year this consummate student, who had gathered for the cause of learning all the waste drops of childhood, thus takes himself to task in a diary:—

CONSCIENTIOUS STUDY.

"I have been too remiss; I must be more strict with myself if I am to reach my goal with honor."

"So long as we receive what is delivered to us, with the ears and eyes rather than with the understanding, we cannot survey it with rapidity and insight; hence, also, depth and comprehensiveness of view are impossible. Words are the dangerous shallows that so often obstruct my progress. O, what will help me to inward, voluntary, deep thought? What will break the talisman that still keeps me spell-bound under the yoke of imagination?"

"One hour, at least, every morning to be devoted to clearing up my thoughts on a given subject."

"Two hours to mathematics, algebra, chemistry, natural philosophy."

"An extensive knowledge of facts; astronomy, mathematical and physical geography; these are the rational and scientific basis of political geography, ancient as well as modern, and of history."

"General laws of material nature, and meteorology."

"Description of natural objects, animal, vegetable, and inorganic."

"Distinct consciousness of the rules of my moral being. Philosophy."

"As my historical study, to work out the chapter on chronology and chronometry; also (before my return) that on grammar."

"The problem is to get through the greatest quantity possible each day, taking care, at the same time, not to overstrain the power of application."

"1. To avoid all that taxes the powers fruitlessly; all dreamy activity."

"2. Self-examination; clearness of thought; accurate definitions; exercises of the imagination."

"3. Diligent reflection; weighing the work performed; zeal; to harden myself against effeminacy."

The English mind is staggered by such a programme; to the German it is a thing to be accomplished. But it is consolatory to find a Niebuhr sometimes in despair at this Herculean task, and to find that the triumph of Genius itself is won from gloom and difficulty. Writing to Madame Hensler, the daughter-in-law of his friendly Professor at Kiel, at this time he says feelingly of his relation of

STUDY AND ACTIVE LIFE.

"Even while I was writing my last letter to you, I began to feel the sort of stupor and gloom creeping over me that I have on my dark days. Whether this is physical, or whether the dazzling brightness of a succession of happy days is necessarily followed by a fit of exhaustion, when external circumstances do not feed the flame, is a mystery to myself. I have at last succeeded by strenuous efforts, in driving away the blackest clouds, and to-day your welcome letter has kindled a fresh life-giving spark within me."

"But all my life this inequality of spirits has been my torment. Whenever I have worked hard, of course I mean in special investigations which only serve as means to an end, or amidst the confused heap of materials required by some other object, I seem as if paralysed. When a few days have elapsed, and my new acquisition has fallen into its place, then comes my brightest time. But meanwhile I am good for very little."

"The lot of the scholar working amidst his books is a wearisome one. He is ever treading on the brink of pedantry, a yawning chasm, in which, if we were laughing on the subject, we might say he would be buried in dust and dead leaves, if he made a false step. He has to extract honey from wormwood. He must constantly keep his mind on the stretch; can only succeed by slow degrees in his task of self-culture, and measures everything by an ideal standard, which he is often unable to attain from the poverty of his materials—still oftener from his own want of talent. Sciences which are entirely based on speculation, such as philosophy and mathematics, are free from this disadvantage; and all occupation with them refreshes and quickens the mental powers, when one has fairly got into their spirit. Neither are those liable to get depressed by their studies, who collect and compare, often without the least philosophy, single interesting things, such as natural objects. But he who studies grammar, and rhetoric, and style, seeks and deduces rules and laws, or learns those that others have found, which are indeed important to him as regards the refinement of his taste, and perhaps something higher, but which are so dry—taken singly, for the most part so unimportant—must constantly stimulate his ardor, and keep his affections in play, or he will be in danger of either relaxing his exertions, or acquiring a mechanical pleasure in mere words. In the study of history there is a much higher species of interest. But its immense extent, the difficulty of imprinting all that is needful on the memory,

the almost greater difficulty of steadily maintaining a correct point of view, the toil of collecting the most interesting fragments from innumerable books and relics, while conscious of their incompleteness, the repulsive task of wading through an immense amount of what is bad (though in this respect people generally of their own free will do more than is necessary), until at last you have so far reduced all to order, that you can begin to mould the mass into a beautiful form (which it takes years to do)—these preparatory difficulties almost overpower any one who perceives them.

"I have long attributed to this cause, and to the still worse state of the professional sciences, which have long been an empty husk, the inertia of the best intellects among us. The life of the ancients in small States, was like that in a large family; even Rome itself was, in reality, as a State, confined within its walls, and to the spots consecrated to the popular assemblies, notwithstanding the enormous extension of its boundaries.

"War and the discharge of public functions were extremely liberal occupations, and it was considered that good sense and practice were sufficient qualifications for either. Then there were very few, whose minds had not been developed by the active discharge of these functions, which were not confined, any more than learning, to a particular class. We see nothing among ourselves that can be compared to the indefatigable power and activity of the ancients. They were at all times men and free citizens. We are obliged to make a special class of learned men; and, in consequence, we lose sight of the world, of active life, of the best part of ourselves, of reality; and cling to book-knowledge alone. A few escape this fate, to whom their kind genius has given the good fortune and the energy to separate the kernel from the shell, in spite of all difficulties, and to keep their hearts warm and active.

"The ancients invented the sciences; the elements of which were not diffused among the vulgar, producing a shallow knowledge; men sought for insight in converse with sages, and there were only two kinds of knowledge, the common and the philosophical. We lose the simple aspect of nature long before we are able to comprehend the expositions of philosophers. We hear, as children, that the earth turns round the sun, before the words can convey any idea to us; for the senses will not suffer the imagination to grasp an image of such magnitude. It is the same with everything. On all hands there abound crude doctrines, patchwork theories, assertions on authority.

"It is impossible for us to see as clearly as the ancients did. And then their philosophy of human affairs does not satisfy us: we rack our brains and split hairs, and, after all, do not think. Why were they so free from the monstrous absurdities by which we are surrounded?"

That letter is an instructive essay, and seems a foreshadowing of the mingled political and student-life of the author, when he became Prussian ambassador among his favorite Romans.

The first intimations and progressive growth of these Roman studies are full of interest in these letters.

A few years after he had written the above-quoted passage, while he was immersed in one of his financial clerkships, he addresses his friend, Count Adam Moltke:—

ROMAN STUDIES.

"I envy you the recollections of your Italian journey. It is a hard thought to me, that I shall never see the land that was the theatre of deeds, with which I may perhaps claim a closer acquaintance than any of my

contemporaries. I have studied the Roman history with all the effort of which my mind has been capable in its happiest moments, and believe that I may assume that acquaintance without vanity. This history will, also, if I write, form the subject of most of my works.

"The sight of the works of art, particularly the paintings, would have delighted me as it did you. Statues have little effect upon me; my sight is too weak, and cannot be strengthened by glasses, for a surface of one color, as it can for pictures. Then, too, a picture, when I have once seen it, becomes my property—I never lose it out of my imagination. Music is, in general, positively disagreeable to me, because I cannot unite it in one point, and everything fragmentary oppresses my mind. Hence, also, I am no mathematician, but an historian; for, from the single features preserved, I can form a complete picture, and know where groups are wanting, and how to supply them. I think this is the case with you also, and I wish you would, like me, apply your reflections on past events, to fix the images on the canvas, and then employ your imagination, working only with true historical tints, to give them coloring. Take ancient history as your subject: it is an inexhaustible one, and no one would believe how much, that appears to be lost, might be restored with the clearest evidence. Modern history *ne vaut pas le diable*. Above all, read Livy again and again. I prefer him infinitely to Tacitus, and am glad to find that Voss is of the same opinion. There is no other author who exercises such a gentle despotism over the eyes and ears of his readers, as Livy among the Romans and Thucydides among the Greeks. Quintilian calls Livy's fulness 'sweet as milk,' and his eloquence 'indescribable;' in my judgment, too, it equals, and often even surpasses that of Cicero. The latter missed *son genre*—he possessed infinite acuteness, intellect, wit; *il faisait du génie avec de l'esprit*, like Voltaire; but he attempted a richness of style, for which he lacked that heavenly repose of the intellect, which Livy, like Homer, must have possessed, and, among the moderns, Fénelon and Garve in no common degree. Very different was Demosthenes, who was always concise, like Thucydides. And to rise to conciseness and vigor of style is the highest that we moderns can well attain; for we cannot write from our whole soul; and hence we cannot expect another perfect epic poem. The quicker beats the life-pulse of the world, the more each one is compelled to move in epicycles, the less can calm, mighty repose of the spirit be ours."

A portrait of this Adam Moltke is worth presenting. It shows the stamp of Niebuhr's early friendships:—

ADAM MOLTKE.

"Count Adam Moltke had lived from about the beginning of the present century at Nütschau, an estate in Holstein, which he had received as a compensation for the loss of the fief formerly held by his family in Zealand. Outwardly gifted with a magnificent manly figure, a noble forehead and flashing eyes, inwardly overflowing with energy, and rich in imagination, the principles of the French Revolution had taken a powerful hold of his mind, and for years he was among its warmest and certainly one of its purest adherents. After having visited a great part of Europe, and undergone many a bitter grief, he retired to Nütschau, where he strove—apart from political employments, but full of interest in public events—to endure the iron age in patience with a strong resignation. He needed but a few hours' sleep, and sought to still his inward restlessness by the earnest and con-

tinuous study of history; in particular he made himself acquainted with the development of the Italian Republics of the middle ages in its minutest details. He often endeavored to give a poetical form to his mental life, or to present an historical picture of the well known political relations of past times, but he was unable to clothe the ideas floating in his mind, in shapes sufficiently clear and distinct, to render them fit to go forth into the external world. Thus it was denied him to take an active part in history either by word or deed; but as in his ardent and stirring youth he had exercised an irresistible influence over every one who came in contact with him, so when a man he brought life and energy into every circle he entered. 'He had reached the perfection of his nature,' wrote Niebuhr, in 1806, of this the dearest friend of his youth; 'he had tamed the lion, the restless spirit within him, and was employing his Oriental fire in the animation of Greek forms.'"

The Germans make grand autobiographers, with their nicely-practised distinctions of the "su-m-m-jeet and om-m-m-jeet"—taking notes of themselves and their friends with equal impartiality. Niebuhr's analysis of his first courtship would be worth quoting, were not such delicate emotions better left in the setting in which the biographer places them. It does justice to his heart as well as his head.

To a certain class of people Niebuhr has appeared as a cold-hearted destroyer of cherished poetical Roman stories, an unflinching demonstrator of the nakedness of human life. Such persons should read this biography. It is not true that a legend is lost to the world by proving it not to be true history, or that imagination loses anything of her power by transcending, as she needs must, actual fact: on the contrary, the beauty and moral worth of the legend remain more perfect as their true origin is better understood. As no less beautifully than justly expressed by a writer in *Blackwood's Magazine*—"To whatever level the stream of truth, by its own vital force, shall rise or sink, the same fair lily of poetry will be seen floating on the surface of it. Just where those waters lie open to the light of heaven, do we find this beautiful creation looking up from them into the sky."

As of the history, so of the life. Niebuhr sitting among the driest of his books, strengthened in his pursuit of truth a heart always young, ever responsive to the call of private affection, love of man or woman, or devotion to his country.

MR. GOULD'S ZEPHYRS FROM ITALY.*

Mr. GOULD commenced the Italian tour which resulted in the volume before us at Palermo, arriving at that port from the United States via Gibraltar and Marseilles. He thence, after a slight glance at the other Sicilian cities, transports us to Naples, and conducts us northward through Italy to Paris and Waterloo. His book has very little personal adventure, but contains some interesting information. The most valuable portion of the book is that devoted to descriptions of the great battle-fields of Napoleon. The author seems to have a partiality to such localities, describing their present appearance with greater minuteness than most other objects of interest which lie in his way. As may be inferred from his title, Mr. Gould's style is somewhat ornate.

* Zephyrs from Italy and Sicily. By William M. Gould. D. Appleton & Co.

One of his battle-visits is to Marengo, of which we have a curious account, in a description of the mansion erected on the field:—

MEMORIALS OF MARENGO.

"The field of Marengo remained without change or improvement until the year 1847, when Signor Giovanni Delavo, of Alessandria, a passionate admirer of the Emperor, purchased the ground, and with it the cottage in which Napoleon rested, and wrote to the Emperor of Austria after the battle. This gentleman, with a view to contribute to the interesting character of the place, immediately constructed an elegant and commodious mansion upon the spot. From historical considerations he preserved the walls, foundations, and chambers of the cottage, and admitted them as a constituent part of his new edifice. The old oblong building upon the right was at the same time enlarged, and so fashioned as to become an auxiliary embellishment to the premises. The mansion of Signor Delavo stands about thirty feet from the main road. In the area before his residence, took place on the 14th of June, 1847, the anniversary of the battle, the inauguration of a colossal statue of Napoleon.

"Marengo lies about half way between Genoa and Turin, and the mansion of Signor Delavo is one of the most distinguished objects upon the plain. At a distance it appeared to me like a piece of Rome. The house itself is three stories high. The upper stories contain nine front windows each; the lower story is even with the ground, and divided in centre by a wide hall, which passes through from front to rear. The building externally is of a reddish stone color, and has rows of columns painted in relief upon its face. The figure of Murat is seen standing among them upon the right, and the figure of Kellermann upon the left. The old oblong edifice upon the Turin side is of the same reddish hue, and over its broad surface is delineated the prospect of a terrace adorned with vases of flowers. The columns of a temple are also visible, with niches occupied by the effigies of Berthier and Bessières; likewise a lofty dome lifting its cone to heaven. The spacious area before the residence of Signor Delavo is of a square form, with gravelled walks, and contains in the centre a beautiful circular grass-plot, in the midst of which, resting upon a large block of granite, rises the colossal marble statue of Napoleon. Low granite posts, hung with chains, surround the base of the monument, and serve for its defence. The attitude of Napoleon is one of great composure. His head is uncovered, his right hand is placed upon his breast, his left rests upon his sword. At his feet is placed a cannon, partially covered by the folds of a banner. He is represented as he appeared when First Consul, and as such is habited in the uniform of a French general, with his waist cinched by a broad flowing sash. The statue was executed by Cacciatore, a celebrated sculptor of Milan, at an expense of about six thousand francs. The railing which separates the area from the main road, is of iron; the intermediate supporting columns are moulded in the form of Roman fasces, capped with the battle-axe.

"Having thus disposed of the front part of the building, I proceed to describe what is of note within. Upon entering the mansion, the wall upon the right-hand side of the hall exhibits in fresco the portraits of Soult, St. Cyr, and Victor; and upon the left, those of Massena, Lannes, and Marmont. Turning to the left, after passing through an anteroom, the visitor is ushered into the original front chamber of the cottage. The entrance to this apartment has over the door a gold wreath, inclosing the cipher of Napoleon.

"This chamber has been dedicated as a museum for the reception of the memorials which from time to time have been gathered from the field of battle. Its walls and ceiling are completely studded with the relics of Marengo; swords, scabbards, broken swords and broken scabbards, bayonets and bayonet-sheaths, rusty and dusty, cross-belts and belt-plates, helmets and horse-bits, straps of leather and belts of leather, buttons, lances, and broken spears; bullets and balls, of all sizes, from that of a man's head to a pill; one bomb still charged; fragments of balls, and pieces of bombs; guns, firelocks, ramrods, and soldiers' caps. The ceiling has a complement of guns, arranged in the form of an immense star, with a blue French drum in the centre, with the drumsticks and the tall red plume of the drummer attached. Besides the guns upon the wall, I counted about fifty others distributed in military order in a circular stand adapted for the purpose. Upon the mantel-piece rests the beaver of an Austrian major of infantry, edged with a broad gilt band; also ten gilded eagles that adorned the throne of Napoleon, when he held the grand review upon the field in 1805, on his way to assume the iron crown at Milan. Over the fireplace is suspended an engraved design of the original plan for a pyramidal monument in honor of Desaix, and of the brave men who perished with him in the battle. Under the front window is placed the pine table upon which Napoleon wrote to the Emperor of Austria after the battle. In the drawer of the table is kept the ink-stand which he used on the occasion; also an ebony frame containing several of the gold coins issued by him in commemoration of the victory. The words upon the pieces read—

"*L'Italie délivrée à Marengo, Liberté, Egalité, Eridania.*"

Eridania, it will be recollected, is the classical appellation of Northern Italy. The old green velvet chair, with its high back, that served Napoleon when engaged at the table, is still serviceable for the accommodation of visitors. On the first of October, 1846, a register was opened for the insertion of the names of those who visited the premises. It contains many names, and among them appear those of some distinguished personages. For example—Louis Murat, Prince Poniatowski, *Louis Napoleon Bonaparte*, visited dated 16th of Aug., 1847, Marshal Marmont, Duke de Ragusa, Kellermann, Duke de Valmy, &c.

"I was informed that the book contained the names of only three American visitors; upon turning to them, they proved to be officers of the United States navy."

Since this notice was written this volume has acquired a melancholy interest, by the sudden and premature death of its author. The newspapers record the death, "on Wednesday morning, 16th inst., Mr. William M. Gould, in the 36th year of his age."

LITTLE PEDDLINGTON.*

NOT a little of the quizzicality of the more recent literature of England is ascribable to John Poole, Esq., the author of these two volumes. They appear to have set the fashion of a certain style of drollery, which forms so large an element and so productive a source of revenue in the writings of many of the most popular authors and periodical publications of the day. Little Peddlington may fairly claim to lead off in an historical enumeration of the satirical sketches, in which mock learning and second-rate greatness are so pleasantly trotted out and play-

* Little Peddlington and the Peddlingtonians. By John Poole, Esq., Author of "Paul Pry," "Sketches and Recollections," etc. In two volumes. D. Appleton & Co.

fully magnified, balloon-fashion, to be tapped and have the gas let out. The purpose of Little Peddlington is to take a miserable, worthless, little village of no earthly importance, of ordinary dimensions, inhabited by a small number of common people, and to narrate their petty interests and small squabbles with the reverence and gravity of Gibbon or Thucydides. Preliminary to the visit of the Historian himself, we are furnished with a brief but pregnant sketch of Little Peddlington from an antiquarian and topical point of view; the style of which may be relished in a passage which we quote from this premonitory strangers' guide, through Little Peddlington, entitled

HISTORY.

"The Universal Deluge, which transformed the variegated and smiling face of our terrestrial globe into one unvaried and monotonous mass of the aqueous element, and which, in its ruthless and un pitying course, overwhelmed and swallowed up cities, empires, and nations, sparing neither the monarch's palace nor the peasant's hut; and which bowed down alike the gentle hill and the giant mountain, rooting up not only the tender plant of the garden, but also the mighty oak of the forest; and which, unlike the genial and beneficial showers of spring, which beneficently foster the fruits of the earth for the use of man; but which, more like the raging cataract, converted our rolling planet into one wide, vast waste of waters, disfigured also the fair spot on which now stands the town of Little Peddlington.

"But to descend to a later period.

"Little Peddlington (or, as it has in various times been written, Peddle-le-town, Peddle-in-town, Piddletown, Peddletown, and Peddletown) (it is now invariably called by its more euphonious appellation of Peddlington) is situated in the county of —, at the distance of — miles from London. And here, reflecting on these successive changes, we cannot refrain from quoting that apt line of the Swan of Avon:—

"Each doth suffer a sea change."

"But to proceed.

"Of the extreme antiquity of this place there can be no doubt, for our ingenious townsman, Simeon Rummings, Esq., F.S.A., has clearly proved, in his learned and elaborate Essay on that subject (a few copies of which may still be obtained by an early application to Mr. Yawkins, Bookseller, Market Square), that the identical ground on which the present town is built existed long prior to the invasion of Britain by Julius Caesar! And if further proof were wanting, it might be adduced in an ancient coin, dug up about thirty years ago by some workmen, who were employed in removing Hob's Pound, which formerly stood at the northeast corner of South street, and of which the curious visitor may still discover some faint traces. Of such antiquity is this precious relic, that one side of it is worn perfectly smooth, whilst, on the other, nothing more can be perceived than the almost imperceptible outline of two heads, and these remains of the legend, which have baffled the attempts of the most profound antiquaries to determine to which epoch of Roman greatness to refer it:

"GUL—US ET M—R—"

"The sneers of a certain bookseller not a hundred miles from South street, who has published what he calls a Peddlington Guide, and who describes the coin as nothing more than a William-and-Mary's shilling, we treat with the contempt they deserve. It is in the possession of the eminent gentleman we have already mentioned, who, in his well known liberality, is always happy to offer it to the inspection of intelligent visitors, who will know

how to decide between the ignorant assertion of a Sn-gg-rst-n and the opinion of a Rum-mins!

"During the Civil Wars between the rival houses of York and Lancaster, as well as in the later conflicts between Charles and the Parliament; indeed, in every case where courage and wisdom were called into action—

"O that dissensions should our land divide!"

"PEDLINGTONIA."

it does not appear, from any positive record, that our town took any part: but who can doubt that it did? 'The fortifications' (see *Rummins*), if any did ever exist, must long since have been demolished, for not the slightest traces of any are to be found. I must, however, except the ditch which traverses the north end of High street, and which, although it now be dry, and so narrow as to allow of one's stepping across it, must, if ever it had been a military work, have been so wide and deep as to be capable of containing a considerable quantity of water. Nor must I conceal the fact that, not many years ago, two *meord-blades* and a *cannon ball* were therein discovered: these are now in my possession." The testimony of so impartial a writer to the prowess of the Pedlingtonians cannot be too highly valued; nor must their modesty recoil if we again quote the unrivalled poem from whence we have extracted our motto:—

"Fair are thy daughters, and thy sons how brave!
No Pedlingtonian e'er will be a slave.
Friend to his country, and his King's well wisher,
At Glory's call he'll serve in the militia."

"But it is only of late years that Little Pedlington has assumed its present importance, and justified its claims to be ranked amongst those towns and cities which adorn and dignify the British empire; and, if it yield the palm for extent and splendor to the metropolis of England, it will confess itself second to no other for antiquity, beauty, and salubrity; nor need it fear to enter the lists in honorable competition with any, for the meed due to intellect and refinement, boasting, as it does, of possessing in its bosom a *Rummins* and a *Jubb*, a few copies of whose unrivalled and truly classical Poem, called PEDLINGTONIA, descriptive of the beauties of the place, may still be had at Yawkins's Library, price 2s. with a plate, and for which an early application is earnestly recommended.

"We have no hesitation in declaring it as our impartial opinion that, for classic purity of taste and style, nothing since the days of Pope has appeared, worthy of comparison with this Poem: it is truly Doric. Without intending to decry B-r-n, C-mpb-ll, R-g-rs, M-re, or Sc-tt, we will venture to prophesy that this work will operate a reform in the public taste, bring back poetry to what it ought to be, and obtain for its author a deathless fame. We are proud to say it is the production of our highly-gifted Curate and townsmen, the Rev. Jonathan Jubb.—See the *Pedlington Weekly Observer*, June 17th.

The appreciative reader will, we think, here discover some suggestive germs which were further developed in the better-known "Pickwick Papers" of Mr. Dickens. Following this well-handled guide, we enter upon the History proper, in the opening chapter of which we have the author's personal narrative of the journey to Little Pedlington. His first resolution was of course to book a place for that same evening in the Little Pedlington mail. How he thrived in this intent let Mr. Poole explain for himself; thereby giving him an opportunity to introduce his capital acquaintance, "Blind Bob."

"Not a little was my astonishment on learning that there was no mail to that celebrated place; but great indeed it was when I was informed that there was no public conveyance whatever direct thither! However, I found that the Winklemouth coach (which ran nearer to it than any other) would set me down at Poppleton-End; that there I should be pretty sure of meeting with some one who would

carry my luggage to Squashmire-Gate, a short three miles; and that from thence to Little Pedlington, a distance of eight miles—there or thereabouts—a coach ran regularly three times a week during the season. Too happy to get there in any manner, I took a place in the Winklemouth coach, and, shortly afterwards, was rattling on towards the goal of my desires.

"Between four and five in the morning the coach pulled up at the corner of a narrow cart-road, of no very inviting appearance, the soil being of clay, and the holes and wheel-tracks filled with water by the late heavy rains. A slight drizzling rain was falling then. The country for miles round was a dead flat, and not a house or shelter of any kind, save here and there a tree, was to be seen.

"Poppleton-End, Sir," said the guard, as he let down the step.

"What! is this Poppleton-End?" said I.

"Yes, Sir," replied he (adding with a leer, which clearly indicated that he was satisfied with the excellence of his joke), 'and has been, time out of mind.'

"But I have a heavy valise with me," said I, as I alighted.

"Yes, Sir," replied the guard, taking it down from the top of the coach, and placing it against the boundary-stone at the corner of the lane; 'it is precious heavy indeed.'

"Well—I was informed that I should find somebody here who would carry it to Squashmire-Gate; but there is no person within sight, and I can't carry it myself."

"Why, no, Sir, I don't very well see how you can; at least," continued he, in the same facetious tone, 'it wouldn't be altogether pleasant. However, Sir, you have a very good chance of Blind Bob coming up with his truck in about half an hour—or so.'

"I hate the phrase 'or so.' It is a cheat, an impostor, a specious and an insidious rogue. In all matters involving an inconvenience, I have invariably found that it is an aggravation of the original evil at least threefold. Thus, your 'three miles, or so, further,' to the place of your destination, after a wearisome walk in a strange country, may usually be computed at nine; 'a guinea or so,' in an uncertain charge, at three; if waiting the arrival of your bride, 'an hour or so,' at a day, a week, a year; if of your wife—but that is a case dependent upon peculiar circumstances.

"And pray, guard," inquired I, rather peevishly, 'where am I to wait during that half hour—or so?'

"Why, Sir, if you should chance to miss Blind Bob, you might perhaps find it a little awkward with that large trunk of yours; so if you'll take my advice, Sir, you'll wait where you are. Good morning, Sir. I don't think it will be much of a rain, Sir. All right, Bill, get on.' So saying, he mounted the coach, and left me seated, beneath my umbrella, on the boundary-stone at Poppleton-End, at half past four of the morning, in a drizzling rain.

"They who travel much must be prepared to meet with difficulties; sometimes to encounter dangers: these carry a compensation with them in the excitement which they produce, and the exalted feelings they inspire. But one sinks under a tame and spiritless inconvenience: one's fortitude sneaks off, as it were, and one's temper oozes away. At five, at half past five, at six o'clock, there I still sat, and not a human creature had come near me. The abominable rain, too! Rain! it was unworthy of the name of rain. A good, honest, manly shower, which would have made one wet through and through in five seconds, I could have borne without complaint; but to be made to suffer the intolerable sensation of dampness merely, by a snivelling, drivelling, mizzling, drizzling sputter, and that, too, by dint of the exercise of its petty spite for a full hour and a

half—! There are annoyances which, it is said, are of a nature to make a parson swear; but this would have set swearing the whole bench of Bishops, with their Graces of York and Canterbury at their head.

"At length I perceived, at some distance down the lane, a man dragging along a truck, at what seemed to me a tolerably brisk pace, considering the state of the road. He drew it by means of a strap passing over his shoulders and across his chest; and he carried in his hand a stout staff, which he occasionally struck upon the ground, though apparently not for support. He was rather above the middle height, broad, square, and muscular—a cart-horse of a fellow. On arriving within two steps of my resting-place he stopped, and with a voice of ten-boatswain power, shouted—

"Anyone here for Squashmire Gate?"

"Yes," said I, almost stunned by the report, 'don't you see? I am here.'

"I wish I could," replied he; 'but as I have lived Blind Bob all my life, Blind Bob I shall die.'

"The guard's description of my intended guide and carrier as 'Blind Bob' had certainly not prepared me for the phenomenon I was now to witness. Had I, indeed, paid any attention to it, the utmost I should have expected, as a justification of it, would have been a deduction of fifty per cent. from the usual allowance of eyes, in the case of the party in question. But here was a guide stone-blind!

"Blind!" I exclaimed; 'under such circumstances, you have chosen a strange occupation.'

"We can't choose what we like in this world, Sir; if I warn't blind I'd never ha' chose to get my living by being a guide, tha' I promise you."

"On my informing him that I had a port-manteau with me, and indicating the spot where it stood, he moved towards it, and, lifting it up, he tossed it, heavy as it was, over his shoulder into the truck, and instantly set forward towards Squashmire-Gate."

Arrived at Squashmire-Gate, it was natural that the weary and hungry traveller should desire a little comfort for the inner man, and between himself and the lady-keeper of the inn, this discourse ensues:

"What would you like, Sir?"

"A boiled chicken."

"We have never a chicken, Sir; but would you like some eggs and bacon?"

"No. Can I have a lamb chop?"

"No, Sir; but our eggs and bacon is very nice."

"Or a cutlet—or a steak?"

"No, Sir; but we are remarkable here for our eggs and bacon."

"Have you anything cold in your larder?"

"Not exactly, Sir; but I'm sure you will admire our eggs and bacon."

"Then what have you got?"

"Why, Sir, we have got nothing but eggs and bacon."

"O!—then have the goodness to give me some eggs and bacon."

"I was sure you'd choose eggs and bacon, Sir; we are so famous for it."

"Having finished my dinner, I thought it proper, for the good of the house, to inquire what wine I could have—of course, not expecting that my choice would be much perplexed by the variety offered.

"What would you like, Sir?"

"Some Port."

"We have no Port, Sir."

"A little Sherry, then."

"We don't keep Sherry, Sir; in short, we have so little call for wine, that we don't keep any of no kind."

"Then pray give me some lemonade."

"Yes, Sir. Do you—do you prefer it with lemon, or without?"

"How!"

"Why—only we happen just now to be out of lemons."

That we think will do!

From this house of famine escaped by aid of a most characteristic coachman, who takes his own time in getting there, they at length reach Little Pedlington—and inspired with something of Mr. Poole's own awe and reverence for that wonderful locality, we pause to another week to join our Historian in a survey of its curiosities of art, architecture, learning, &c. Meanwhile if any of our readers should take to the book for themselves (assured of a hearty laugh—whatever the state of the thermometer), we shall not complain.

A Synopsis of the Family of Naiades. By Isaac Lea.—This work presents in a compact form the labor of many years of a life devoted to natural science. During near thirty years has the author of the work found opportunities amid the cares of business, to add many new facts to our knowledge of the works of nature. Although by no means exclusively confined to Conchology, yet his most important labors have been in the study of fresh-water shells, of which he has discovered and described many hundred new species from various parts of the world. The present work is a synonymical catalogue of all the species known, now amounting to 767. Although copious notices are given of the labors of Fröschel, Agassiz, and others in the same field, the author does not make use of their anatomical discoveries in classifying the species, probably because he considers the relation between the animal and its covering not yet sufficiently studied. The system of classification is therefore the same as that adopted in the former editions of the work, and the species are arranged in numerous groups according to the sculpture of the surface and the general outline of the shell. This system, although artificial, more readily enables us to recognise any particular species in the same way as we are frequently aided in recognising other nymphs (not of the water) by the waving of their dresses.

Without looking over the work, no one will be able to appreciate the labor necessary in elucidating even such a limited subject as the present. On p. 36, 37, is a good example of our meaning. The words printed in italics look very simple, but it is not everyone that knows the labor of bringing them together, the turning over of volume after volume, the puzzling over the bad Latin of one author, the good German of another, the semi-intelligible Swedish of a third, or the entirely unintelligible Russian of a fourth. All this must be gone through to be appreciated, and therefore we despair of making our readers appreciate the labor, the devotion, and the disinterestedness of the true student of science, who expends his life and his fortune, or his hopes of fortune (the same thing) in contributing his portion to the great structure of natural science. No reward has he but the consciousness of having performed his duty; and made use of the talents given him in the development of the truth of God.

Reader, believe it or not, as you please: a naturalist is a holy man.

The Consumptive's Guide to Health. By J. Hamilton Potter, M.D. New York: J. S. Redfield.—A medical advertising card, got up with an eye to business, a finger-post pointing to the author's shop, which should be looked at, not as a guide directing to a way of safety, but as a warning to avoid danger.

The Hydropathic Encyclopædia. By R. T. Trall, M.D. New York: Fowlers & Wells.—A compend of various medical information, collated from obvious sources. Anatomy, physiology, hygiene, dietetics, theory and practice, pathology and therapeutics, surgery, with more or less sprinkling of the editor's water-theory, are all treated in a cursory and popular manner. To these, general readers, curious of such knowledge, and whose tastes delight in such reading, this work supplies ample material. Pleasant books might be suggested for the wholesome, and more useful for the diseased.

Marco Paul's Voyages and Travels. Harpers.—A new juvenile series by Jacob Abbott, pleasantly illustrative, in the two volumes before us, in terms and dialogue, attractive to the young reader of city sights and incidents in New York, and a journey by the Erie Canal. The points are well selected for youthful admiration, and the "getting up" of type and picture shows the accustomed tact of the Abbotts.

Harpers' serial publication of London Labor and the London Poor has reached its nineteenth number, an important contribution to the facts of political economy in large cities.—Lossing's admirable Pictorial Field-Book of the Revolution, in parts 23, 24, exhibits the proceedings at Yorktown and some of the Southern campaigns, with faithfully executed text and commendable beauty and fidelity in the numerous engravings. Part 38 of Montgomery Martin's British Colonies gives the History of the British occupation of the Cape of Good Hope. Messrs. John Tallis & Co. also issue part 44 of Mrs. Ellis's Morning Call and a new part of the Dramatic Magazine, with character portraits of Miss Glyn, Mr. Creswick, Mr. Ira Aldridge as Aaron (in Titus Andronicus), and the elder Vandenhoff as Coriolanus.

The Art-Journal (for May and June), contains the Crossing the Ford by Mulready, and Juliet and the Nurse by Briggs, from the Vernon Gallery, with two capitally illustrated papers on the works of Ruysdael. Mrs. Hall gives a visit to Chertsey, and the progress of Fine Art manufacture is well illustrated with some choice specimens of antiquities from private collections. The letter press of the June No. includes a detailed account of the Royal Academy and other Exhibitions of the season in London.

MARKS AND REMARKS.

THE Crystal Palace for New York on Reservoir Square, though the undertaking is just now attracting little public attention, is, we are happy to learn, establishing itself on a sound basis, preliminary to the exhibition of next year. Foreign agencies are open abroad, and foreign works collecting. The original Amazon, by Kiss, has already reached this country. The list of subscribers of shares represents established business interests of manufacturers, importers, real estate holders, and other indexes of a profitable enterprise. A circular of the company, of which Theodore Sedgwick is president, makes the following calculation of the supposed financial results of the exhibition:—

"The question is often asked how far the Crystal Palace on Reservoir Square may be expected to prove a profitable affair. The following calculation is made, by persons largely interested in the stock, and who are desirous to take, not a sanguine or extravagant, but a just view of the project; and we believe it will ultimately prove not far out of the way.

"We assume that the population contained in New York, and a range of country twenty

miles about it, is, at least, one million. It is, in fact, much more.

"Of this million, some will visit the exhibition repeatedly, some only once, some not at all. We suppose it is a very low calculation to say that one third of this whole population will visit the exhibition at least once, which is . . . 333,333

"Again, the floating population of our city, during the summer months, is, per day, at least thirty thousand. It is estimated, by some good judges, as high as forty-five thousand. Of this, a large number will be more or less attracted by the exhibition itself, and it may be fairly calculated that of the whole number, one fourth certainly will go up to Reservoir Square. This is 7,500; and as the exhibition is to be kept open at least 150 days it gives a total number of visits, 1,125,000

1,458,333

—or one million and a half of visits. Now take this another way. This is a quarter of the visits made to the Crystal Palace in London during only 140 days; and the population of New York is very considerably more than a quarter that of London, and our population vastly more curious, active, locomotive, and expensive in their habits than that of any part of Europe.

"Test it again in another manner.

This gives an average per day, of visitors, of . . . 9,720

"Now the daily visits in London averaged . . . 43,000

"(And it will be recollected that the London exhibition increased in popularity and attractiveness until the very day of its close. The visitors for the first week numbered only 41,194, and the last, they amounted to 478,773.)

"Which gives to our palace only between one fourth and one fifth of the success of its great prototype. The exhibition of the American Institute, usually held at Castle Garden, and has three or four thousand visitors a day. It is surely not extravagant to estimate double the number for the Reservoir Square building. Any way, therefore, this calculation will be found a safe one. Now look at the financial results:

"1,458,000 visits, at 50 cents, is . . . \$729,000

"The estimated cost of the building is . . . \$150,000

"Contingent expenses of freight, insurance, management, . . . 100,000

"Add for short estimate, . . . 50,000

300,000—300,000

"Total, . . . \$429,000

"Leaving 140 per cent. as the profits of the concern, and the building on hand, at the close of the first season, and with power to keep open the exhibition during the continuance of the lease."

Mr. Rigopoulos, a patriot Greek, poet, and publicist, who represents the ideas and sentiments of the progressive portion of his countrymen, has recently arrived here, with the intention of studying the practical institutions of this country. He represents, we understand, that the people of his country are essentially democratic in their traditions, customs, and spirit, and far from professing any love for their government, imposed by the policy of Europe. In the late trial instituted by that government against Mr. King, our Chargé d'Affaires in Greece, the public opinion of Greece was strongly in favor of

him. In order to elucidate the true question relative to his country, and other oppressed ones, Mr. Rigopoulos intends giving a series of lectures in this city.

A clever writer in the London *Atlas* treats us to a few speculations on the old topic of American Literature, with an ingenious hit or two well planted among some of our latest novelties:—"It is only of very late years that American literature, which could fairly be considered as such, began to creep across the ocean. Washington Irving's style was thoroughly English, constructed upon English models, and breathing exclusively an English spirit. Cooper, although he dealt much with American subjects, did it in the approved three-volume style of our regular novel producers, and always seemed to be keeping one eye upon the prairie or the sea, and the other on the circulating library. In manner and style he was, in fact, Europeanized. So far as his Indians went, no doubt he dealt with home materials; but his white men—be they soldiers tracking the Mingos, or accomplished pirates of mysterious benevolence, or jolly old salts like our ancient friend Tom Coffin—can count just as close a kindred with ourselves as with our cousins over the water. It was not until very recently that the States began to give birth to a class of writers thoroughly American, whose pages smacked racily of the soil, and in whose habitual images and turns of expression—many of the latter not of the most classic description—we recognise the writing in the English tongue of authors who are not Englishmen. This new school of fanciful literature, now hailing us from across the ocean, is full of interest and significance. At last we see that our descendants are throwing off our own literary yoke, and that a great and rapidly rising people are beginning to assert their national and natural claim to a school, a tone, and a style of their own. As yet, it must be confessed that the school is somewhat heterogeneous, and that it has many weak and inflated points. Nor is it yet purely homebred. As the influence of English literature has in some degree waned in America, we think we can trace a corresponding increase in that of the modern French school. We can spy, if we mistake not, the foot-marks of Balzac and Sand upon many a Transatlantic page; we can trace them in a certain love for the dissection of minute and sometimes of diseased mental emotion, a certain appetite for the luridly melo-dramatic in action and incident, and some taste, also, for the morbidly exaggerated in sentiment. But these qualities only, as it were, tinge the stream of the young literature, and we sincerely hope and believe that it will work itself free from them. One of the authors most deeply infected with French romanticism was Poe. In his strange, wild stories of circumstantial evidence, you could trace at once the ingenuity of invention of the Parisian world, and its strangely-alternating veins of lachrymose pathos and revolting horror. But it is, we repeat, in the love for minute analysis of emotion and the strong disposition to dwell upon sentiment and passion, that there is principally to be perceived the present literary influence of Paris upon New York.

"Another fault—one purely of youth—may be traced in rising American fiction;—one, pervading, also, almost every work, either of criticism or travels, proceeding from an American pen. We allude to the almost

universal propensity for what is generally called 'fine writing'—a tendency, by the bye, which, in reviewing Mr. Curtis's work upon the East, we had occasion to notice only a week or two ago. Not only do our transatlantic friends revel in the very finest, most tip-top, and most flowery of words, but they are also eternally dragging in, *volens volens*, all manner of scraps of learning, classic and *moyen age*, very much in the style of the ancient orator who pronounced the un-called-for eulogium upon Hercules. The object appears to be to demonstrate to all the world—nay, to cram down the throats of all the world—the fact, spurious or otherwise, that the Americans are the most tremendously learned and accomplished Thebans on the face of the earth. As if Europe were continually crying out across the ocean, 'You are a pack of mere utter barbarians. You know nothing but about wooden nutmegs, gouging, Lynch law, molasses, and quilting frolics; our friends, on the other side, are perpetually thundering in our ears, 'We are deep in Latin and Greek; we quote Homer; we chant Anacreon to ourselves. We know every ode of Horace, and every epigram of Martial. How dare you not believe it? And in the modern languages we are just as go-a-head and spry. Tackle us with Dante. We will expound Petrarch with any of the commentators. Try us on Goethe, and we are the boys for making plain the metaphysical wanderings of Fichte or of Kant.'

"Now, this eternal showing off of accomplishments of all kinds is wearisome to the uttermost. With *Dogberry*, we would call upon our friends 'to let it appear when there is no need of such vanity.' We are quite willing to give them credit for any possible amount of scholastic cram; but let them abstain from pelting us with Seneca—from transfixing us by desperately deep allusions to Plato—from bombarding us with perfect broadsides unmercifully cribbed from placid Burton, or absolutely overwhelming us with a deluge of the most miraculously out-of-the-way learning ever heard of, which has been quietly cribbed out of old Sir Thomas Brown."

The concluding volume of Dr. Hanna's *Life of Chalmers* has appeared in London. It contains among other memorabilia of the great Divine's public and private life, which will accustom the world to look upon Chalmers with both respect and affection, a letter to him from Thomas Carlyle—characteristic as usual—written in return for a presentation copy of the tract on Pauperism:—

LETTER FROM CARLYLE TO DR. CHALMERS.

"5 Cheyne-row, Chelsea, London, Oct. 11th, 1841.

"My dear Sir,—The book you have honored me by sending, and the letter along with it, arrived here two days ago. Allow me to return many kind thanks for this attention. I am glad and proud to be remembered by one who is always memorable to me, and memorable to all the world, whether they have seen or have not seen him.

"A wholesome, grateful air of hope, brotherly kindness, cheerful sagacity, salutes me from this book as I eagerly glance over it: to read it with care, as I purpose shortly to do, will be no task for me, but a pleasure. One is sure beforehand of finding much, very much that one must at once and zealously assent to; and slower assent, doubt, examination—nay, ultimate dissent itself (turning only on the application and details) can but render a beautiful deeper basis of agreement more visible. It seems to me a great truth, this fundamental

principle of yours, which I trace as the origin of all these hopes, endeavors, and convictions in regard to Pauperism, that human things cannot stand on selfishness, mechanical utilities, economics, and law-courts; that if there be not a religious element in the relations of men, such relations are miserable, and doomed to ruin. A poor-law can be no lasting remedy; the poor and the rich, when once the naked parts of their condition come into collision, cannot long live together upon a poor-law! Solely as a sad transitional palliative against still fiercer miseries and insupportabilities can it pretend to recommend itself, till something better be vouchsafed us, with true healing under its wings!

"Alas! the poor of this country seem to me, in these years, to be fast becoming the miserablest of all sorts of men. Black slaves in South Carolina, I do believe, deserve pity enough; but the Black is at least not stranded, cast ashore from the stream of human interests, and left to perish there: he is connected with human interests, *belongs* to those above him, if only as a slave. Blacks, too, I suppose, are cased in a beneficent wrappage of stupidity and insensibility: one pallid Paisley weaver, with the sight of his famishing children round him, with the memory of his decent independent father before him, has probably more wretchedness in his single heart than a hundred Blacks. Did you observe the late trial at Stockport, in Cheshire, of a human father and human mother, for poisoning three of their children, to gain successively some £8. 8s. from a burial society for each of them! A barrister of my acquaintance, who goes that circuit, informs me positively that the official people durst not go further into this business; that this case was by no means a solitary one there; that, on the whole, they thought it good to close up the matter swiftly again from the light of day, and investigate it no deeper. 'The hands of the pitiful women have sodden their own children!' Such a state of matters cannot subsist under the firmament of Heaven: such a state of matters will remedy itself as God lives—remedy itself, if not by mild means, then by fierce and fiercest!

"That you, with your generous, hopeful heart, believe there may still exist in our actual Churches enough of divine fire to awaken the supine rich and the degraded poor, and act victoriously against such a mass of pressing and ever-accumulating evils—alas! what worse could be said of this by the bitterest opponent of it, than that it is a noble hoping against hope, a noble, strenuous determination to gather from the dry deciduous tree what the green alone could yield! Surely, for those that have still such a faith, I will vote that they should have all possible room to try it in. With a Chalmers in every British parish much might be possible! But, alas! what assurance is there that in any one British parish there will ever be another!

"But enough of this. Go as it may, your labors in this matter are not lost—no jot of them is lost. Nay, in one shape or another, as I believe, the thing that you advocate must verily realize itself in this earth—across what famines, poor-laws, convulsions, and embroiled strugglings, is not known to man. My prayer is, that a voice so humane, so true and wise, may long be heard in this debate, and attentively laid to heart on all sides.

"With many kind wishes for you and yours, with lasting esteem and regard, I remain, my dear Sir, yours most sincerely,

"THOMAS CARLYLE."

Dickens in his last number of *Bleak House*, steps aside from his story to introduce an American reflection or two among his aristocratic company, assembled under the auspices of Lady Dedlock:—

"Dandyism! There is no King George

the Fourth now (more's the pity!) to set the dandy fashion; there are no clear-starched jack-towel neckcloths, no short-waisted coats, no false calves, no stays.

"There are no caricatures, now, of effeminate Exquisites so arrayed, swooning in opera boxes with excess of delight, and being revived by other dainty creatures, poking long-necked scent-bottles at their noses. There is no beau whom it takes four men at once to shake into his buckskins, or who goes to see all the Executions, or who is troubled with the self-reproach of having once consumed a pea.

"But is there Dandyism in the brilliant and distinguished circle notwithstanding. Dandyism of a more mischievous sort, that has got below the surface, and is doing less harmless things than jack-toweling itself and stopping its own digestion, to which no rational person need particularly object?

"Why, yes. It cannot be disguised. There are, at Chesney Wold this January week, some ladies and gentlemen of the newest fashion, who have set up a Dandyism—in Religion, for instance. Who, in mere lackadaisical want of an emotion, have agreed upon a little dandy talk about the Vulgar wanting faith in things in general: meaning, in the things that have been tried and found wanting, as though a low fellow should unaccountably lose faith in a bad shilling, after finding it out! Who would make the Vulgar very picturesque and faithful, by putting back the hands upon the Clock of Time, and cancelling a few hundred years of history.

"There are also ladies and gentlemen of another fashion, not so new, but very elegant, who have agreed to put a smooth glaze on the world, and to keep down all its realities. For whom everything must be languid and pretty. Who have found out the perpetual stoppage. Who are to rejoice at nothing, and be sorry for nothing. Who are not to be disturbed by ideas. On whom even the Fine Arts, attending in powder and walking backward like the Lord Chamberlain, must array themselves in the milliners' and tailors' patterns of past generations, and be particularly careful not to be in earnest, or to receive any impress from the moving age.

"Then there is my Lord Boodle, of considerable reputation with his party, who has known what office is, and who tells Sir Leicester Dedlock with much gravity, after dinner, that he really does not see to what the present age is tending. A debate is not what a debate used to be; the House is not what the House used to be; even a Cabinet is not what it formerly was. He perceives with astonishment, that supposing the present Government to be overthrown, the limited choice of the Crown, in the formation of a new Ministry, would lie between Lord Coodle and Sir Thomas Doodle—supposing it to be impossible for the Duke of Foodle to act with Goodle, which may be assumed to be the case in consequence of the breach arising out of that affair with Hoodle. Then, giving the Home Department and the Leadership of the House of Commons to Joodle, the Exchequer to Koodle, the Colonies to Loodle, and the Foreign Office to Moodle, what are you to do with Noodle? You can't offer him the Presidency of the Council; that is reserved for Poodle. You can't put him in the Woods and Forests; that is hardly good enough for Quoodle? What follows? That the country is shipwrecked, lost, and gone to pieces (as is made manifest to the patriotism

of Sir Leicester Dedlock), because you can't provide for Noodle!

"On the other hand, the Right Honorable William Buffy, M.P., contends across the table with some one else that the shipwreck of the country—about which there is no doubt; it is only the manner of it that is in question—is attributable to Cuffy. If you had done with Cuffy what you ought to have done when he first came into Parliament, and had prevented him from going over to Duffy, you would have got him into alliance with Fuffy, you would have had with you the weight attaching as a smart debater to Guffy, you would have brought to bear upon the elections the wealth of Huffy, you would have got in for three counties—Juffy, Kuffy, and Luffy; and you would have strengthened your administration by the official knowledge and the business habits of Muffy. All this, instead of being, as you now are, dependent upon the mere caprice of Puffy!

"As to this point, as to some minor topics, there are differences of opinion; but it is perfectly clear to the brilliant and distinguished circle, all round, that nobody is in question but Boodle and his retinue, and Buffy and his retinue. These are the great actors for whom the stage is reserved. A People there are, no doubt—a certain large number of supernumeraries, who are to be occasionally addressed, and relied upon for shouts and choruses, as on the theatrical stage; but Boodle and Buffy, their followers and families, their heirs, executors, administrators, and assigns, are the born first-actors, managers, and leaders, and no others can appear upon the scene for ever and ever.

"In this, too, there is perhaps more dandyism at Chesney Wold than the brilliant and distinguished circle will find good for itself in the long run. For it is, even with the stillest and politest circles, as with the circle the necromancer draws around him—very strange appearances may be seen in active motion outside. With this difference; that, being realities and not phantoms, there is great danger of their breaking in."

A SKETCH OF THE LONDON TIMES—ITS HISTORY AND CONTRIBUTORS.*

THE English Journal of the present day, in those of its forms which are most familiar and most acceptable to the public, is a skillfully-blended compound of the pamphlet and the newspaper proper, and these two prime elements of its existence have varied, throughout the whole development of the English press, in their relative quantity and potency, in accordance with the circumstances of the time, and the social and intellectual position of the persons who were its periodical historians or instructors. By far the most remarkable period in the early history of the English press, as distinguished from English literature in general, is that which dates from the irruption into print and action of those political and spiritual differences which have made the reign of Charles I. so memorable an epoch. When the mutilated Prynne had been avenged in the decapitated Strafford, and the censorship of the press, in the person of Laud, was held captive in the Tower, the spirit which had inspired at a former period the flying and persecuted sheets of Martin Mar Prelate, found a free embodiment in the pamphlet, and through this medium it was that Milton began to discharge his seath-

ing and riving thunderbolts. When, a little later, the nation was split into literally two hostile camps, and the kingdom became one vast battle-field, no wonder that the London newspaper, to which converged intelligence from all parts of the country, attained a new importance, and was among the indispensable of the age. Sometimes the newspaper of those days partook slightly of the pamphlet, and the current news which it communicated was prefaced by a slight political essay, in a tone of invective or disquisition: thus Marchmont Needham's paper, *The Mercurius Politicus*, in course of publication this time two hundred years, generally opens with an apology for a leading article in the shape of pleading for the establishment of a free commonwealth, based on Roman History, the expulsion of Tarquin, and so forth! But on the whole, the newspaper editor and the pamphleteer were, and long continued to be, different persons; and indeed the history of the English press resolves itself chiefly into a chronicle of the flirtation and courtship of the newspaper and the pamphlet up to their happy betrothal in our own day. When the revolution of 1688 once more brought freedom to the press, and with the accession of Queen Anne, the Defoes, Addisons, Steeles, and Swifts, occupied themselves with party journalism, the marriage between the pamphlet and the newspaper seemed on the point of being consummated. But anon they fly asunder, and the pamphleteer drives his mercenary quill in Grub street, while the newspaper editor seeks for, in advertisements, the pecuniary reward of a prudent political neutrality. Then comes the era of the political letter, culminating in the famous compositions of Junius: the newspaper and the pamphlet not yet wedded, but evidently flirting very hard. It was at this stage of the connexion that, a year after the establishment of *The Times*, the French Revolution of 1789 found the British newspaper press; nor can the union between the newspaper and the pamphlet be pronounced to be definitively concluded even now, for one of the oldest and most extensively circulated of English newspapers still appears without leading articles, and it is not long since an eminent writer conveyed his political lucubrations to the world in the guise of *Latter-Day—Pamphlets*.

John Walter, No. 1, the founder of *The Times* newspaper, was a printer in London so far back as the year 1783; a man of speculative and determined character, who narrowly escaped becoming the Arkwright of typography. But alas! print has still to be "composed" in the old and painful manner, letter after letter has still to be "picked up" singly and placed alongside of its predecessor by the human fingers; for "logography," the invention which Walter No. 1. patented and partly invented, turned out not to be practicable for a continuance. "Logography" in Walter's hands was to supersede typography: he "used stereotyped words and parts of words instead of separate metal letters;" a plan which, at first sight, displays many obvious advantages. Nor did he surrender it before he had turned out many a sheet of print by it; among other things, three years of a daily newspaper, *The Daily Universal Register*, begun the 1st of January, 1785, which, like its absorbent and successor, *The Times*, is described in the heading as "printed logographically." The name of the Register did not suit, there being already so many publications bearing that title; and on

* From a series of Papers on the Press, publishing in the London Critic.

the 1st of January, 1788, it was renamed, and with a loud flourish of trumpets issued from Printing-House Square under the designation which has made it famous throughout the earth—*THE TIMES*.

We have had before us, in the newspaper-volume for the year in the Museum Library, a stray copy of the number of the leading journal for "Thursday, May 7, 1789," the day after the meeting of the States-General in Paris—that "baptism of democracy"—and of journalism, its symbol and organ. It is in size and appearance (two leaves, something like an old Penny Magazine) much the same as its contemporary, *The Public Advertiser* (famous as the vehicle of Junius), but has more advertisements than the latter. Walter was, at this time, "Printer to the Customs," and hence, perhaps, a certain government air which pervades his paper. Although there are no leading articles, in our sense of the term, there are a few leading paragraphs, the first of which begins in quite a knowing way: "We have now the best authority to say that the new arrangements in the Cabinet," &c., &c. The advertisements, too, have an official look, many of them emanating from the "Navy Office." There are some books by "Mrs. Trimmer," childhood's beloved and venerated name. Mr. Christie, too, is to sell by auction, at a brisk rate, articles of *vertu*, in his "great room, Pall Mall." Here is one which might appear to-day: "A Gentleman, liberally educated, who is perfectly qualified for an editor of a public paper, or a private secretary, and who can give the most satisfactory references both in point of character and ability, would be glad of employment in any part of England and Ireland. Address," &c., to which the ambitious aspirant acutely adds: "Having been accustomed to political controversy, flatters himself he could be eminently useful at the next general election!" There is a column of Parliamentary debate, each speech condensed into a few lines. And, besides the ordinary staple-news, there are scattered, up and down the paper, various little paragraphs of a questionable kind, very dangerous in those days. Before the year was out, Walter found himself in Newgate, for "a libel on the Duke of York." In the February of 1790, he was convicted of more libels on royal children. The audacious printer (or one of his subs) had charged their Royal Highnesses the Prince of Wales and the Duke of York, "with having so demeaned themselves as to incur the just disapprobation of His Majesty," their gracious sovereign and parent: times and *The Times* are rather changed since then, good reader, are they not?

These were not Radical libels, however, but were probably meant to support the authority of a royal parent with rather rebellious children; for the Walters have ever been a constitutional family—a constitutional, yes, and an independent family. John Walter, No. II., for instance (who died some five years ago, as "of Bearwood Hall, Berks," leaving "personalty valued for probate duty at £90,000"), became "joint proprietor and exclusive manager" of *The Times* at the beginning of 1803—how much, according to his own account, did he not lose and suffer by his display of independence? Did he not, at the very outset, while conscientiously supporting "men in power," refuse from them "contributions calculated to produce a reduction in the expense of managing the concern," although these were "offered in the

most unexceptionable manner;" because, "by such admission, the editor was conscious he should have sacrificed the right of condemning any act which he might esteem detrimental to the public welfare?" For 1803 was not 1789. There had been the French revolution in the interval; leading articles had grown to be things of power, and the poets Coleridge and Campbell were trying hard to write them—Coleridge in *The Morning Post*, Campbell in *The Morning Chronicle*. Walter No. I., though withdrawn from *The Times*, and despairing of "logography," still printed for the Customs, when, with honest boldness, Walter No. II. blamed "the Catamaran expedition," and did not shrink from reproaching my Lord Melville's delinquencies. Whereon Walter No. I. had the printing for the Customs taken from him, and Walter No. II., still refusing to be bribed, was subjected to steady persecution: his packages and papers from abroad, so important in a time of war, being stopped or retarded by the officials. Against all which, like a determined, laborious Englishman, of the same stuff as the Arkwrights and Brindleys of the preceding century, he bore up doggedly and successfully, "arranging a system which, in spite of the authorities, procured him information of events abroad, often before the ministry themselves were acquainted with them." So that he announced "the capitulation of Flushing forty-eight hours before the news had arrived through any other channel," to the surprise and wonder of an admiring public!

This was the man, and these were the qualities and the temper, that helped to raise *The Times* newspaper, before he died, to rank, both in income and influence, among the powers and principalities of the world. How much he had to struggle against, and what skill and energy he threw into the contest, are still imperfectly known; and gladly would we forego a dozen lives of Tom Moore, and such like, by the Right Honorable Lord John Russell, for one good accredited biography of Walter. Everybody remembers how, when not far from the zenith of his prosperity, he was found alone in the printing-room in his shirt sleeves, composing-stick in hand, diligently setting up some item of important foreign news which had just arrived—the workmen being out of the way. "Logography" had failed, but the improving energy of Walter No. I. lived in Walter, No. II. If "composing" could not be artificially expedited, press-work might; and hence that application of steam power to the process, which, gradually developed, now throws off 10,000 copies of *The Times* per hour. For ten years, Walter had struggled against the hostility of the pressmen, and, "on the very eve of success," had to abandon the further working of his model, from a failure of funds—his very father, remembering "logography," refusing to assist him further.

Mr. Walter, however,* was not the man to be deterred from what he had once resolved to do. He gave his mind incessantly to the subject, and courted aid from all quarters, with his usual munificence. In the year 1814, he was induced by a clerical friend, in whose judgment he confided, to make a fresh experiment; and, accordingly, the machinery of the amiable and ingenious Koenig, assisted by his young friend, Bauer, was introduced—not, indeed, at

first into *The Times* office, but into the adjoining premises, such caution being thought necessary, from the threatened violence of the pressmen. Here the work advanced, under the frequent inspection and advice of the friend alluded to. At one period these two able mechanics suspended their anxious toil, and left the premises in disgust. After the lapse, however, of about three days, the same gentleman discovered their retreat, induced them to return, showed them to their surprise their difficulty conquered, and the work still in progress. The night on which this curious machine was first brought into use in its new abode was one of great anxiety and even alarm. The suspicious pressmen had threatened destruction to any one whose inventions might suspend their employment—"destruction to him and his traps." They were directed to wait for expected news from the Continent. It was about six o'clock in the morning when Mr. Walter went into the press-room, and astonished its occupants by telling them that "*The Times* was already printed by steam! That if they attempted violence there was a force ready to suppress it; but that, if they were peaceable, their wages should be continued to every one of them till similar employment could be procured;" a promise which was, no doubt, faithfully performed; and having so said, he distributed several copies among them. Thus was this most hazardous enterprise undertaken, and successfully carried through; and printing by steam, on an almost gigantic scale, given to the world.

A memorable night for Walter No. II.!

(To be concluded in our next.)

VARIETIES.

A LONDON REPORTER.—Proby had never been out of London, never in a boat, never on the back of a horse. To the end of bagwigs he wore a bag; he was the last man that walked with a cane as long as himself, ultimately exchanged for an umbrella, which he was never seen without in wet weather or dry; yet he usually reported the whole debates in the peers from memory, without a note, for the *Morning Chronicle*, and wrote two or three novels, depicting the social manners of the times! He was a strange feeder, and ruined himself in eating pastry at the confectioners' shops (for one of whose scores Taylor and I bailed him); he was always in a perspiration, whence George Colman christened him "King Porus;" and he was always so punctual to a minute, that when he arrived in sight of the office window, the cry used to be, "There's Proby—it is half past two," and yet he never set his watch. If ever it came to right time I cannot tell; but if you asked him what o'clock it was, he would look at it, and calculate something of this sort—"I am twenty-six minutes past seven—four, twenty-one from twelve, forty—it is just three minutes past three!" Poor, strange, and simple, yet curiously-informed Proby, his last domicile was the Lambeth parish workhouse, out of which he would come in its coarse grey garb, and call upon his friends as freely and unceremoniously as before, to the surprise of servants, who entertain "a... 'orrid' jealousy of paupers, and who could not comprehend why a person so clad was shown in. The last letter I had from him spoke exultingly of his having been chosen to teach the young children in the house their A B C, which conferred some extra accommodations upon him.—*Jordan's Autobiography*.

NAUVOO.—A correspondent of the Madison (Ind.) *Courier*, visiting the deserted Mormon settlement of Nauvoo, writes of its present condition—"The city of the Mormons once had 20,000 inhabitants; there are now but 2,000. One half of the houses the Mormons left have been removed or pulled down, and

* *Times*, July 23, 1847. (Quoted in Mr. Knight Ham's *Fourth Estate*, vol. ii., p. 171.)

the other half are tenantless. Each lot contains an acre. In walking through its deserted streets I started several quails, in the midst of the once populous city. The mansion of Joe Smith is kept by his wife, once his widow, but now again a wife—of another and a live man—as a tavern. Between this mansion and the river are the remains of a famous hotel, which was abandoned after its walls had reached the second story; the walls are of fine pressed brick, with marble door-sills and caps. Joe's storehouse is also standing. The Masonic Hall is a fine brick building, three stories high. I am told that all the Mormons were masons. Their lodge was under the jurisdiction of the Grand Lodge of the State of Illinois. Smith, I am told, initiated some of the 'mothers in church,' when the charter was taken from them, and the lodge closed. The front wall and the one next to it, which formed the vestibule, are all that is left standing of the achievement of fanaticism called the 'temple,' which, as the inscription on a large stone, worked in the inner wall, informs the visitor, is

THE HOUSE OF THE LORD,

Built by

THE CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER-DAY SAINTS.

Commenced April 6, 1841.

"A company of French Socialists have purchased a portion of the property—the site and the ruins of the temple included. They number about 400. While I was viewing the temple they all came out of their boarding-house from dinner. Their foreign aspect and clothing, as they grouped about the stones of the temple to smoke their pipes and talk—probably of *la belle France*—made me almost fancy I was viewing a ruin in an older country. One group were gesticulating and laughing over the face of one of the ornaments which decorated each column, which I cannot describe better than by referring the reader to the picture of a full moon, which usually ornaments the cover of a Dutch almanac."

MONUMENT TO COL. JOHNSON.—We gave a description some time since of a monument that Mr. Robt. E. Launitz, the eminent sculptor of this city, was making, to be erected to the memory of Col. R. M. Johnson, by order of the Legislature of the State of Kentucky. We now learn from the *Lexington (Ky.) Standard*, that the Legislature of that State appropriated the sum of only nine hundred dollars towards the work. The relatives of the deceased hearing this, and learning that this sum was insufficient to erect a suitable testimonial, voluntarily added the sum of fifteen hundred dollars, which secures the fine monument upon which Launitz is engaged.—*Courier*.

SPIRITUAL PLAGIARISM.—The *Spiritual Telegraph*, a paper devoted to the subject of communications from the spiritual world, has a piece of poetry in its last number, which the *Guardian Spirit* of Mr. Oscar Haven, of Worcester (Mass.) is said to have dictated to him. The second verse is thus:

The evening fires dim were glowing,
While the shadows, faint and tall,
From the grate before me flowing,
Danced upon the parlor wall,
Like the shades that come and go
Over the brow of Lullio.

Now here is a proof that the poetry of Professor Longfellow, having made the circuit of America and Europe, is penetrating into a higher sphere; for if we remember one of his "Voices of the Night" rightly, it runs in this wise:

When the hours of day are numbered,
And the voices of the night
Wake the better soul that slumbered
To a holy calm delight,
Ere the evening lamps are lighted,
And like phantoms grim and tall,
Shadows from the fitful fire light
Dances upon the parlor wall, &c.

We cannot say, however, that either the

metre or the language has been improved by the process of transmission from the other world.—*Post*.

THE TOMB OF JEFFERSON.—[Correspondence of the *Evening Post*.]—Messrs. Editors: The extracts printed in your paper yesterday in reference to "The tomb of Harrison," presents a parallel of the condition of the last resting-place of Thomas Jefferson. I visited Monticello in 1844, and the chief point of attraction to me was the spot where sleep the remains of him who gave birth and immortality to Freedom, in penning "The Declaration of American Independence."

The gate of the burial enclosure had fallen from its hinges; cattle were browsing within; foul weeds were growing in rank luxuriance around the graves; Jefferson's monument bore numerous marks of Vandal mutilation, and the slab that covers the grave of his wife had been by some means displaced from its original position. In indignant sorrow I turned from this scene of desolation, to reflect upon the vanity of fame, and the degeneracy of national gratitude and reverence. I. P. A.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

In the August number of Messrs. HARPER & BROTHERS' new Monthly Magazine will be commenced a series of papers, which have been in preparation for several months, under the general title of "Memoirs of the Holy Land," written by Jacob Abbott, and illustrated by maps, sketches of scenery, and personal incident, &c. Each article will be complete in itself, and their announcement says that not less than \$500 will be expended upon the literary and artistic preparation of each of these papers, which will average from 15 to 20 pages. Other articles of interest and originality are continually being added to these stored in this magazine.

Messrs. CHARLES S. FRANCIS & Co., Broadway, have in press "Grimm's Household Stories" and "German Popular Tales," complete in one volume. Both treasures of Story.

In August next will be published by Messrs. PHILLIPS, SAMSON & Co., Boston, a new work by William Ware, author of *Zenobia*, *Aurelian*, &c., entitled "Lectures on the Works and Genius of Washington Allston." Messrs. P. S. & Co. have now ready the Sixth Thousand of "A Peep at No. 5; or, a Chapter in the Life of a City Pastor," already noticed by us.

Messrs. BANGS, BROTHER & Co. have just been appointed the wholesale agents for the United States for Charles Knight's National Cyclopædies and editions of Shakespeare. Messrs. B. B. & Co.'s regular Fall Trade Sale will commence on the 6th September.

Messrs. THOMAS & SON'S Philadelphia Fall Trade Sale is to commence on the 26th August under the approbation of Messrs. Blanchard & Lea, Lippincott & Co., and other of the most respectable houses.

Messrs. D. APPLETON & Co. will publish immediately, in their Library of Readable Books—"A Journey to Katmandu; or, Life at the Court of Nepal," by Laurence Oliphant. This journey was made in the company of Jung Bahadoor and suite, returning home from England and France. The account, by Mr. Oliphant, of the Indian Tiger at home, must stir the blood of those who belionized him two years since in London. Dr. Mayo and his Berber honor are here verified.

Mr. C. B. NORTON, Irving House, announces to be published shortly—"A General Index to Periodical Literature," by W. F. Poole, Esq., Librarian of the Boston Mercantile Library.

Messrs. DUNIGAN & BROTHER have in preparation, an imperial quarto "Douay Version of the Bible," to be issued in numbers.

TICKNOR, REED & FIELDS announce as forth-

coming from their press—A new Poem, by Alfred Tennyson. A new Poem, by the Author of "Festus." A volume of Barry Cornwall's Prose Stories. The Poetical Works of Rev. Henry Alford, "Vicar of Hymeswood." Chas. Mackay's Poems. "Lydia, a Woman's Book," by Mrs. Newton Crossland, author of "Partners for Life," &c. A new volume of Dr. Quincey's Writings. "Village Life in Egypt," by the Author of "Adventures in the Libyan Desert." "Hellenics," by Water Savage Landor. "Pallis: the Potter," by the Author of "How to make him Unhealthy." Also in preparation, "Jerdan's Autobiography"—for specimens of which, see already in our columns.

Messrs. B. B. MUSSEY & Co., Boston, are preparing an illustrated edition of the *Waverley Novels*, in 24 vols.

Messrs. LIPPINCOTT, GRAMBO & Co., Philadelphia announce—

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- 5.—"A History of the Mormons of Utah; their Domestic Polity and Theology," by J. W. Gunnison, U. S. Topographical Engineer, with illustrations.

ERASTUS DARROW, Rochester, will publish on the 1st of July—"The Proceedings and Reports of the National Eclectic Medical Convention, for 1852."

Messrs. DANIEL & SMITH, Phila., have in press—"Lisco's Exposition of the Miracles," 12mo.; "Swiss Family Robinson," complete in one 12mo. vol.; "Fletcher's Family Devotions," Abridged, 12mo.

CHANGES IN THE TRADE.—Messrs. Clark, Austin & Smith have removed from 205 Broadway to the fine large store, No. 3 Park Row, not far from Messrs. Mason & Law, Bangs, Bro. & Co. This store has an entrance at No. 3 Ann street.

Mr. John Wiley has removed from Park Place to the very handsome store, No. 167 Broadway, near Cortlandt street.

Mr. Putnam has removed from 155 Broadway to No. 10 Park Place, nearly opposite Messrs. Alfred Edwards & Co. Mr. Putnam's place is arranged with all the conveniences and appliances for business of the day, similar to the finest stores in Park Row.

The steamer *Asia*, Captain Judkins, carried last week to Europe among other celebrities, Mrs. Katherine Sinclair, Miss Charlotte Cushman, Miss Anderton, Signor Benedetti and lady, Signor Sanquirico.

Geo. Peabody, Esq., the eminent London banker, has given to the town of Danvers, Mass., which is his native place, the large sum of twenty thousand dollars for the establishment of a lyceum and library and the erection of the necessary buildings. The letter containing the announcement of this donation, was read at the dinner table on the occasion of the recent centennial celebration.

Commencement at Union College occurs this year on Wednesday, July 28th. The address before the Theological Society will be delivered on Sunday, the 25th, by the Rev. John Newman, of West Poughkeepsie. The Annual Oration before the Senate will be pronounced by John B. Lafarge, Esq., of Philadelphia, on the 26th; that of the Literary Societies by Rev. Henry Giles, and the Poem by Park Benjamin, on the 27th; and the Poem before the Phi Beta Kappa Society, by the Rev. Ralph Hoyt, also on the 27th.

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